

Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty!
Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty;
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake—as mine to thee.
Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
But love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodness, with a song and shout,
Just as he pleases—just as he pleases.

Mine from the dear lord's crown, golden-yellow,
To the master's own bosom's golden shield;
Give to a few friends—no, or none;
Like a generous lady, one and awhile.

But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Kept holiest of holiest forever;
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, mine own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
Unto me, and to me alone, revealed;
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

Many may praise the—praise mine, as thine,
Mine, mine, mine!—I'll love, I'll love,
But thy friends of hearts, pure, faithful and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine—such I think, as that has given
Something all mine on this side of Heaven;
Something as much as myself to be
As is my soul which I lift to Thee;

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life, when thou dost make
Two to the world for the world's work's sake—
But each unto each, as in thy sight, one.

The Cowhide and the Pen.

To shoot, cane, or cowhide an editor have, unfortunately, not been rare occurrences in the south for many years past; indeed, from the inception of journalism in that section of the Union, editors have been compelled to be as familiar with the pistol as the pen.

When writers of objectionable articles became familiar with the use of deadly weapons, and made not the slightest objection to fighting duels, those that once were ready to assail them unawares, or invite them to mortal combat, changed their tactics, preferring to get even with the inditer of unfavorable articles by answering him through the columns of a rival journal, which, in the work of retaliation, employed language far more vigorous than either convincing or polite, originating the acrid arguments between editors designated "personal journalism." Greatly as this species of vituperative writing is to be deprecated, it is infinitely preferable to pistols. When a man who does not care to run the risk of being shot at, and cannot find an opposition newspaper to take up his cause, finds himself unfavorably commented upon in a journal, he is placed in a position that should convince him of the wisdom of keeping silent, trusting to time to vindicate him if he has been wronged, or else to bury in forgetfulness the objectionable paragraph.

A Macon (Georgia) man, opposed to duelling, recently took offence at some trivial publication in the *Messenger*, of his city. Smirking under what he deemed to be an injury, he hit upon the novel expedient of having the offending editor cowhided in the streets of Macon, by a woman. He laid his plans ingeniously, depicting his wife to do the cowhiding. He accompanied her to the thoroughfare which he knew the editor of the *Messenger*, Col. H. H. Jones, frequented at certain hours of the day. Stationing himself at a safe distance to witness the accomplishment of his novel plan of revenge, he waited for the fun to begin. It did commence at the appointed time, but it ended far differently than was anticipated by the originator. Like a good wife, the woman attacked Col. Jones with the cowhide. The eagle eyes of the editor took in the situation at a glance. While the first two blows descended upon his person, he must have formed his plans; before the third one fell, he carried them into execution. He took the lash from the hands of his fair assailant, ran up to her husband and rained a shower of stinging cuts over his head and shoulders. All the papers of Macon are unanimous in stating that Col. H. H. Jones, "administered a severe castigation" to the chivalrous husband of the assailant, who, it seems, is satisfied with the unexpected termination of his deep-laid scheme of revenge. As the editor of the *Messenger* is also satisfied, the affair at Macon may be considered as settled. It has demonstrated that wives are not available proxies for the castigation of editors, and should have taught the lesson that journalists have contracted a habit of striking back when struck. The cowhide, even when wielded by the hand of woman, has as little terror for the editor as the pistol in the grasp of the bullies who once labored under the idea that editors could be shot at with impunity.

If there is any one who has a right to be happy, it is the reformed man. It is the "God bless you, brother," coming up that makes my brother's face shine. Love wins every time. We know something about mother love and father love, but there is a greater love which has been coming down through the centuries, a love which includes the whole world in its embrace, one in which there is no shadow of turning—and that is the love of Christ.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.—NUMBER 34.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER 344.

*His Newspaper Contributions.**The Profane Person.*

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time, in the dark ages of the nineteenth century, there lived a gentleman who held a commission in the army.

CHAPTER II.

But he had serious scruples as to whether it was right or wrong to kill his fellow creatures at the bidding of others, or in fact, whether it was not a crime to kill his fellow men at all.

CHAPTER III.

He decided that it was wrong, especially the glitter and tinsel thrown about the murderous profession; so he sold his commission and entered the church, thinking that, as he was an intelligent man, and not a mere machine, he might do more good to humanity in that line than in the other line.

CHAPTER IV.

One day, discoursing to a rustic congregation on the folly of using profane language, he told them that he himself was once guilty of the same folly, and addicted to the same vice, but that he had completely conquered the habit.

CHAPTER V.

A flying insect, hearing the boast, winked his eye at the congregation, and thought, "I'll put him to the test." So, making a circuit around the gentleman's head, he lit upon his nose the more.

"See!" said the reverend gentleman; "here is an illustration. At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly—but, look now." Raising his hand he said gently, "Go away, little fly, go away!" But the fly only tickled his nose the more.

The reverend gentleman, raising his hand with some vehemence, made a grab at the offender; and, being successful, opened it to throw the insect from him, when in extreme disgust, he exclaimed, "Why, d—n it, it's a wasp!"

Horror of the rustic congregation, failure of the illustration, and

THE END.

[Baltimore Every Saturday.]

Japanese Ladies Bathing in Public

As we were about to leave, a lady of elegant attire and attended by a female servant bearing her toilet apparatus, and another with luxuries of the bath, entered. Our new arrival, after giving some directions, with the assistance of her maid, began to arrange herself for the bath. With her maid she neatly folded and laid away on a cloth in a clean place, each particle of her apparel as it was removed. First the silken robe, then the flowing gownlike robe of purple, then the neither garments of white, until she reached nature's own, says the

reverend dame de Stael led her to remark that the English had realized the fable of living with a window in their bosoms.

At last the man looked up, and timidly advancing with a piece of paper in his hand, suddenly went back to change a word.

Then he came on again, and, like one who had passed through a vision, he said to the woman, "Will that do?"

I looked. There was just seven lines of it, advertising measure.

He was a large man, weighed over two hundred pounds then, but when I met him three weeks later, he weighed less than one hundred and twenty-five.

He had been sick. The seven-line nine-hour effort was too much for him. But it was not all lost. He never advised an editor again. Neither did he compose for a paper again.

It was hard work for him to write, and he saw he was not cut out for an editor.

A Transplanted Scalp.

Four years ago Miss Lucy A. Osborne, of New Milford, Conn., had her scalp, right ear, and part of the right cheek torn off by the catching of her hair in rapidly moving machinery. She has since been under treatment in a hospital in this city, but was recently sent home with a new scalp, produced by the process of skin grafting, the grafts being furnished by the hospital surgeons. It is said that 12,000 pieces were used in the operation. One of the surgeons contributed from his person 1,202 pieces, and another gave 865. The appearance of the scalp now is similar to that of a healed wound. Of course, there can be no growth of hair there. The eyes still present a slightly drawn appearance. The wounds of the cheek and ear have neatly dressed, the former having scarcely a scar.

In the first of the grafting process, bits of skin the size of nickel pieces were employed, but not with good success, and at the suggestion of an English surgeon much smaller pieces were substituted, and with excellent results. Miss Osborne is now twenty-two years old.

If signs don't fail, the coming winter will be the coldest experienced in this latitude since the country was discovered by a man named Mr. Columbus. The squirrels are laying in their winter coat; the beavers are putting hibernators in the basement of their lodges; the bees have killed off their hives with sheet iron; the muskrats are flying South; wild ducks are committing suicide; the goose-bone is black sixteen inches deep; Western editors are soliciting men in exchange for subscriptions; poor families are buying an extra dog, and we have had a new collar put on our overcoat.—[Norristown Herald.]

A Fulton (N. Y.) man laid his finger on the table in front of a buzz saw, and the momentum of air. The saw was going so fast that the teeth were not to be seen. His finger was taken off. While he was looking at the foreman came up with the question, "How did you do it?" "Why, I put my finger down so," answered he, placing the other forefinger, as he thought, well away from the teeth. To his horror, the saw took that one, too, clean off at the same joint.

"Well, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort."

Some Wonderful Facts.

Suppose your age to be fifteen years, or thereabouts, you can be figured up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles, your blood weighing twenty-five pounds; your heart is nearly five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 per hour, 100,800 times per day, 36,720,000 times per year.

At each beat a little over two ounces is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seventy tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches.

The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more.

Your skin is composed of three layers and varies from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness.

The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of fifty pounds to a square inch.

Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiration pores, each of which may be likened to a little draining tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of your body 110,166 feet, or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

THE PRESS.

Our Minister to the Court of St. James, in the year 1817, wrote concerning the London press as follows:

"I have been told that some of them yield a profit of \$75,000 per annum.

The profits of the *Times* are said to have exceeded \$90,000 per annum.

The cost of a daily paper to a regular subscriber is about £10 sterling; they are circulated by agents at a penny an hour in London. When a few days old, they are sent to provincial towns, and through the country at a reduced rate."

What Englishmen now say of our papers, the Minister said of those of London: "Every thing goes into the newspapers. In other countries, matter of a public nature may be seen in them, here in addition you see perpetually the concerns of individuals. Does a private gentleman come to town, you hear it in the newspapers; does he build a house or buy an estate, they give the information; does he entertain his friends, you have all their names next day in type; is the draper of a lady's drawing-room changed from red and gold to white satin and silver, the fact is publicly announced. So of a thousand and other things. The cost of a daily paper to a regular subscriber is about £10 sterling: they are circulated by agents at a penny an hour in London. When a few days old, they are sent to provincial towns, and through the country at a reduced rate."

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 18, 1878.

W. P. Walton, Editor

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,

PHIL B. THOMPSON, JR.

OF HARRODSBURG.

A PARTY of eight negroes went to a house near Mt. Vernon, Indiana, one night last week, and after committing many depredations, horribly outraged three of the women. A warrant was sworn out against them and a deputy sheriff and posse sent to arrest them but the scoundrels fired at the posse, killing the deputy sheriff and wounding others. Infuriated by their violence, a large crowd of citizens came to the rescue of the officers and arrested five of the party and lodged them in jail. The same night a mob of several hundred went to the building and demanded the prisoners. The officers did their best to protect them, but were overcome and the men taken out and hung in the public square. The ring leader was shot to death and literally cut to pieces by the mob.

ENOUGH time since the Oatts Brothers, of Wayne, shipped a lot of hogs on the Southern R. R. to Cincinnati. By some means the train which bore them was delayed two days, and suit was brought for damages. They alleged that a number of the hogs had died on the road, and that the delay caused a loss of 15 cents per hundred by the decline which took place in the prices. The case was tried at Somerset last week, and a judgment rendered in favor of the Oatts for \$300.

The Grand Lodge of the Good Templars held its 15th annual session at Georgetown last week. The representation was large and a membership of 25,400 was reported. G. W. Bain was elected G. W. C. T., and Tim Needham G. W. S. and T. Mr. Needham was also given sole charge of the Good Templars Advocate. The next session will be held at Cynthiana on the 2d Tuesday in October, 1878.

The Chesapeake & Ohio R. R. will sell excursion tickets to the Virginia Fair, at Richmond, on a train that will leave Huntington on the 28th, for the small sum of \$6 for the round trip. Those who wish to take a trip to the old Dominion and enjoy the delightful scenery along the C. & O. R. R. have an excellent chance to do so. Tickets good to November 7th.

W. B. HANSDORF's paper "The Somerset Dollar Weekly Citizen" appeared last week with a new and becoming head and with other prominent improvements. It is doing some excellent work for its party, but will find out, alas! on the morning after the election that it has been all in vain. Young man, why will you waste your youth in idle endeavors.

An editorial in the Somerset Reporter headed the "Eighth District in Danger" would lead one to believe that that paper had either sold out to the Republicans, or is offering itself for sale. The Republicans can take it, but we would advise them to fix the price mighty low, or they will not get value received.

Last Friday Wm. P. Langley, the noted Texas desperado, paid the penalty of his crimes with his life. He was only twenty-seven years old, yet he confessed to the murder of thirty odd persons. It takes a good deal of rope to do some men, but they generally come to its end and dangle from it, sooner or later.

HON. BRUTUS J. CLAY, of Bourbon, a brother of Cassius M. Clay, died a few days ago of typhoid fever. In his younger days he was quite a prominent and popular man, was elected to the State Legislature several times, and served one or two terms in Congress.

The Kentucky State Grange will hold its next annual session in Louisville, beginning Tuesday, December the 10th. It has been remarked that there is not so much enthusiasm in this body as there was a couple of years or more ago.

PHIL THOMPSON is a poor man and not able to buy up such a large and influential corporation as the Somerset Reporter Printing Company. Geo. Denny has the ducats, so that concern believes that he will be elected.

The Republicans lost eight Congressmen in the Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia and Iowa elections. The Democrats got six and the Greenbackers two. The next Congress will be strongly Democratic.

CLARKSON N. POTTER, the chairman of the investigating election fraud committee, has been nominated for Congress in his district in New York. It is said that his re-election is a dead certainty.

The light frosts didn't extend into the scourge-ridden districts; consequently the disease continues to rage with unabated fury. The approximate number of deaths to date is 11,464.

MRS. REBECCA DISNEY, late Postmaster at Bradford's Store, Ky., was convicted at Louisville this week of robbing the mails, but sentence was suspended for two weeks.

GARRARD COUNTY NEWS

Lancaster.

SEASONABLE AMUSEMENTS.—Noting parties and grape parties are treading upon the heels of the popular angling excursions.

GONE DOWN INTO THE PIT.

The gay-colored flowers that make our village a cheerful haunt for pedestrians are being transplanted to a genial shelter from the threatening frosts.

JOLLIFICATION.

The Lancaster, Danville and Nicholasville Turnpike Directory will meet the Harrodsburg and Nicholasville Board at Pleasant Hill on Friday, and have a road session.

PERSONAL.

On Tuesday morning, Captain Blair and Mrs. Blair, with Commodore Granger and his nursery governess, took leave of Kentucky friends, where great courtesy has been extended to them. They go first to New York City and then westward for Santa Fe, New Mexico. George Denny, Jr., is on duty in Pulaski, the trumpeter of another's fame. Mrs. Sallie Owlesy and Miss Willie Belle have gone to Shelby for a few weeks. The Hon. G. W. Dunlap makes a flying trip to Louisville next week to attend the session of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons.

MURDERER CAPTURED.

Early Wednesday morning, Barton Simpson, who killed James White, County Court Clerk of Clay county, at Manchester, in September, was arrested near this place by Jailer Souther, assisted by F. M. Adams, of this place, who goes for a visit of several months to her friends and relatives in Warsaw. Mrs. Georgie Jones, of Louisville, is visiting her father, J. J. Williams. Mr. Jno. B. Abernathy, of Covington, is in town this week, looking after some business interests. A number of our citizens will go to Louisville next week to attend the session of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons.

THE CLOTHES LINE.

The clothes line is a great convenience to the housewife, and is a great time-saver. It is a simple affair, consisting of a wooden frame with a pulley at each end, and a line passing over the pulley. The line is fastened to the frame, and the clothes are hung on the line.

A NEVER-ENDING REVIVAL.

Oh! that colored Baptist meeting! Will it never, never cease? Will the cooks and maid-servants never lose their dazed, moonstruck looks? Some, praised by the powers, have "come through" and can smile again. But three weeks have now gone by since this last great colored wave of glory swept over our stricken village. Intelligent religious teaching might achieve wonders. Superstitious ones accomplish nothing but erratic moods and impossible schemes, to the great detriment of bread and meat, cobwebs and dust.

CHEERING WORDS CHEERILY SPOKEN.

Once in a while there seems to be a revival on the subject of the excellencies of the Stanford paper. Said a lady the other night, "Here is the subscription price to the INTERIOR JOURNAL. It is the best paper in the State; its editorials are fearless and consistent for the right; its news columns varied and interesting; its general reading matter admirably clipped, and its jokes to take the INTERIOR JOURNAL next year. It contains more local news than any other paper in Kentucky. Its opinions are never on the fence, or halting and shilly-shallying for fear of losing a subscriber." So we see that this prophet is not without honor in its own country.

QUOTTO.

MADISON COUNTY NEWS.

Kirkville.

BIRTH.

Born, on the 11th inst., to the wife of Arch Burton, a daughter.

SHADOW CATCHING.

Judge Robert Grinnan, of Lancaster, has established a Photographic Gallery here.

CORRECTION.

We were misinformed as to the killing of Hill by Patterson, last week. The rumor having been without foundation.

RAIN.

The latter rains put in an appearance in time to enable our farmers to proceed with grain sowing, and they are taking advantage of the opportunity in earnest.

SUICIDE.

George Tudor, a worthy citizen of this county, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn on Saturday last. Financial trouble supposed to have been the cause.

MURDERER.

Wm. Smith, of Buckeye Ridge, in Garrard county, killed Robert Saunders, constable of Poosie District, in this county, on the 14th. The particulars of the affair have not been ascertained.

RELIGIOUS.

Elder C. C. Cline will begin a S. S. Institute here in the Christian church on the evening of the 18th. On the first Sunday in November Elder J. L. Allen will preach to the people of Lancaster. Mr. Allen is before the people in the capacity of a candidate for the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction, and is deservedly popular, whether in the pulpit or pursuing other walks in life. On Sunday the Rev. Mr. Pentz inaugurated regular semi-monthly services at the Methodist church and made a gallant effort to revive the old landmarks in this community. The few scattered members came from far and near, glad to uphold their long-trailing banner in the ranks of Christendom. The new minister is a young man of unusual power and impressive zeal. His language is chaste and grammatically accurate, which can not often be said of pulpit orators or public speakers. He has charge of a church in Bryantville and another near Buena Vista. A Sunday School and prayer meeting in this place have been established. The protracted meeting at Antioch is being conducted by Elder King, of Lincoln, assisted by Elders Walden and Gibson. The services are interesting. Thus far there have been fifteen additions. Immersions take place every afternoon. A revival at the Christian church here is set for November.

SAPPHO.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY NEWS.

Mr. F. W. Veach.

The "Chromo man" has been here, but only remained one night. Our people are fond of pictures, but money is rather scarce just now.

TOLL GATE FOR SALE.

Judge McClure has advertised for sale, the toll-gate of the Wilder Turnpike Company, at Livingston. The sale will take place on Saturday, 19th inst.

MURDERER AT LARGE.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Henry Catron, who killed Thomas Lewis, in this county, last week. Up to this writing he has not been captured. We understand he is in Pulaski county.

BIRTH.

Our legal friend, J. K. McClary, was made a happy father for the first time by his life last Sunday morning. It's a boy, a fair-looking child, and weighs eight pounds. John says he will be a Chief Justice some day.

COHEN'S WHISKY.

Emmett Logan is right. Judge Randall in his recent denunciation of whisky did not include "Anderson county's 13-year-old." By no means. He never thought of speaking against such whisky as the Courier-Journal representative was at the Stanford Convention.

ANOTHER FISH STORY.

The fishing party mentioned last week, had returned. They caught several fish, among them one Jack which was 33 inches long and weighed 25 pounds. We say, "They caught it," b. T. Wallace says "He caught it." We could have told more about it if we had tasted it.

SUNDAY NIGHT MEETINGS.

The singing last Sunday night was well attended and quite interesting. Elder Marshall Moore's remarks at the conclusion of the services were appropriate, and contained good counsel. We hope to see the interest in these Sunday night meetings increase. A better attendance on the part of the "old folks" is desirable.

NO SHOW FOR ANY BODY BUT TURNER.

For "Iron" we will state that our non-candidacy for Congress was made upon the authority of Judge Carter himself. We are not accustomed to stating any thing as a fact unless we have good reason to know its truth. We understand that since we stated that Judge Carter was not a candidate, he has been nominated by a Convention which was held during Circuit Court. We agree with "Iron" that there are a good many greenback men in this country. We are a greenback man ourselves all over. Tom Turner, is, likewise, a greenback man, as good a one as you can meet in a man's day, and, besides, he is the nominee of the Democratic party. He won the nomination fairly, and Democrats ought to support him. We believe they'll do it, and we have no doubt of his election.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

"The autumn matrimonial fever is declared epidemic in Danville"—[Courier-Journal]. Mr. J. M. Wallace was married on Tuesday evening, to Miss Cornelie C. Irvine. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride, by Rev. W. C. Young, of Chicago, assisted by Rev. W. H. McGoodwin and Miss Maria E. Meyer, his wife. The bride is the duchess, so that concern believes that he will be elected.

THE REPUBLICANS lost eight Congressmen in the Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia and Iowa elections. The Democrats got six and the Greenbackers two. The next Congress will be strongly Democratic.

CLARKSON N. POTTER, the chairman of the investigating election fraud committee, has been nominated for Congress in his district in New York. It is said that his re-election is a dead certainty.

The light frosts didn't extend into the scourge-ridden districts; consequently the disease continues to rage with unabated fury. The approximate number of deaths to date is 11,464.

MRS. REBECCA DISNEY, late Postmaster at Bradford's Store, Ky., was convicted at Louisville this week of robbing the mails, but sentence was suspended for two weeks.

Glad, sweet wedding morn."

To another young couple—and the end is not yet.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James Croucher, long a citizen of this place, and Jailer for eight years, has removed with his family to the country.

Miss Minnie Pulliam, of Warsaw, Ky.,

who has been visiting here for some time, left for her home on Thursday morning.

She was accompanied by Miss Edna D.

Adams, of this place, who goes for a visit of several months to her friends and relatives in Warsaw. Mrs. Georgie Jones, of Louisville, is visiting her father, J. J. Williams.

Mr. Jno. B. Abernathy, of Covington,

is in town this week, looking after some business interests.

The Hon. G. W. Dunlap makes a flying trip to Louisville next week to attend the session of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 18, 1878.

NOTICE!

FOURTEEN AND A HALF MONTHS FOR \$2.—As an inducement to new subscribers we hereby agree to send the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* from now until January 1st, 1880, for \$2 to all who will pay us the cash. Subscribe now and get all of the approaching election news.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

BUY YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS at Chenault's.

Clothes cleaned and repaired at Chenault's.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION at Bohon & Stagg's.

You can buy a Clock very cheap at Chenault's.

HEADQUARTERS for Paints of all kinds at Chenault's.

SEWING MACHINES of all kinds repaired and adjusted by Carson & Dods.

LOT OF POCKET KNIVES at cost to make room for a new lot at Chenault's.

NEW YORK styles duplicated at W. T. Matheny's Fashionable Tailor Shop.

THE BONANZA Lamp Burner gives the best light. For sale by Bohon & Stagg.

A FULL and complete stock of School Books can be found at Anderson & McRoberts'.

FINE assortment of Toilet Soaps, hair, tooth, brushes, and perfume, very cheap at Chenault's.

We are just receiving a large lot of Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Ziegler & Bro's make, six years old, fat, sound and handsome, will have an opportunity of buying one at public sale on next Monday. Enquire of H. T. Bush, auctioneer.

ARRESTED.—John L. Hughes, of Casey, was arrested while passing through town with a drove of horses on Tuesday, on a charge of obtaining goods from Wm. M. Dodd under false pretences. He pawned up the money and was allowed to proceed.

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SALES OF LAND FOR TAXES.—By reference to chapter 344, section 1, of the Acts of the General Assembly of 1874, Sheriffs will see in regard to the sale of land for taxes, the following clause: "All such sales shall be made on a Court day, and be advertised at least 15 days before the day of sale, and shall be advertised in some newspaper in all towns on the Western Continent. Three days will prove that it is just what you want. For sale by Bohon & Stagg.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER.—This admirably conducted Magazine for November is as usual, filled with interesting articles on a large variety of subjects; and the opening one on the great question of the day, "Hard and Soft," will be of special interest. The article is profusely illustrated. Mrs. Frank Leslie continues her admirable "Scenes in Sunny Lands," giving a most interesting description of some of the public institutions of Havana. There are some twenty illustrations. Mr. Frank Lee Benedict's brilliant novel, "Norman Desborough's Son," is continued. The plot is as follows: "A young man in love with an Autocrat," "The Paris Scandal of the Republic and the Restoration," etc., etc. An elaborate article on "Bull-fighting in Ancient Rome and Modern Spain," will repay the reader; as will also the capital story, "Our Trap." There are poems by Albany Bonhlanque, Jr., F. E. Weatherly, and others; and such an abundance of political, art, science, anecdotes, etc., that we can only refer to it in general terms. There are 125 square pages, and 100 engravings. Single copies of the Popular Monthly may be obtained for 25 cents. Annual subscription, \$3. Address Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

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LOCAL NEWS.

MR. D. F. BASH keeps on hand and for sale, buggies and rockaways of all styles. Call and see them. *Severance & Dudderar.*

NEARLY COMPLETED.—Mr. P. Pfeifer, the Contractor for the stone work of the Jail will complete his part to-day. He deserves much credit for his promptness and the excellent manner in which he has done his work.

COURT OF CLAIMS.—This Court, in view of the great number of claims and the doubtful nature of some of them, passed an order during its session last week that hereafter all claims against the county shall be filed with the County Attorney ten days prior to the Court which is to pass upon them. This is to enable the Attorney to examine the claims and decide upon their legality at his leisure, thereby saving the time of the Court, and precluding the possibility of an illegal claim being allowed.

FROST sufficient to kill the tender plants fell here on Saturday and Sunday mornings last, and ice formed in some localities.

A CHANCE FOR INVESTMENT.—Forty-six shares of stock in the Farmers' National Bank will be sold here next Monday. See "ad" in another column.

SPEAKING.—Hon. H. A. M. Henderson will address the people of Lincoln county, at the Court-house to-morrow evening at 3 o'clock, on the subject of "Popular Education."

REMEMBER that Phil Thompson will speak here next Monday at 11 o'clock, and be sure to put in an appearance. Let the crowd be large and little Phil will create the enthusiasm.

GRAND OPENING.—Mrs. M. E. Davies cordially invites the ladies of Stanford and vicinity, to her opening of Bonnets, Hats, and general Millinery, on Saturday, 19th, and Monday, 21st.

WHAT THEY WILL GET.—The Court of Claims fixed the pay of the County Judge at \$600 and the County Attorney at \$500 cash. The new Judge and Attorney were given one month's pay at the same rate.

SEWING MACHINES of all kinds repaired and adjusted by Carson & Dods.

LOT of POCKET KNIVES at cost to make room for a new lot at Chenault's.

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CONFESSED.—S. M. Ware, of this county, was indicted by the U. S. Grand Jury, in Louisville this week for mailing leaf tobacco of his own raising. When brought up for trial he confessed to the charge, but sentence was suspended for the present and he was allowed to return to visit his sick wife on his own recognizance.

LINCOLN COUNTY, DENTON.—Our estimate made last week of the amount of claims against the county was but a little out of the way. The exact amount, we learn from the Clerk, is \$8,230 54, of which \$742 47 are for repair of roads, \$1,000 for guards, and the rest for support of paupers, pay of officers, and for library bills, &c., incurred by reason of the troubles last winter, and the want of a jail. The total is about \$2,000 more than usual.

WINTER is now nearly on us, and the wise man or woman will prepare for the worst, by purchasing a full supply of winter clothing, blankets, comforts, boots, shoes, &c., &c., while they are cheap. We know, after a careful inspection, that at Hayden Brothers—next door East of the National Bank, you can buy all you want, from a single yard of calico to a silk dress, or a yard, or 10 yards, of Gains or any thing else—boots, shoes, etc., etc., as cheap as you can in any first-class store in Louisville, Cincinnati or New York.

THE case of Higgins vs. Jones and Gano in the Garrard Circuit Court, a somewhat noted suit, was decided this week in favor, to a certain extent, of plaintiff Higgins. Personal judgments against Gano were refused, the motion of plaintiff for possession of the land sold and bought by him under execution against Jones, was overruled, his prayer for reformation of his mortgage so as to embrace the land bought from Jones by Gano, was refused. The conveyance to Gano by Jones was adjudged valid and devoid of fraud. All questions of veracity and honor were decided in Gano's favor, but it was adjudged that Higgins be substituted to Jones' right to a lien on the land and it be sold. An appeal was taken. The Messrs. Bradley and Slope, represented the plaintiff, and Col. W. G. Welch, and Burlet & Hopper, the defendants.

GRAND DEMOCRATIC RALLY.—By reference to our Danville letter, it will be seen that arrangements have been made for a grand Democratic Rally and Basket Picnic at the Danville Fair Grounds, on Tuesday, the 29th of this month. A number of the most distinguished orators and Statesmen of our party have been invited to be present, and the grandest time is promised to the rally.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 18, 1878.

The Pauper Tribe.

The difference between poverty and pauperism, though wide as the world, is too often overlooked. The best of men may become poor; may honorably reach the point of actual destitution; indeed, it has not unfrequently happened that the world's best benefactors have experienced extreme poverty, some times by resolutely pursuing the course which has ultimately brought them to the highest financial and industrial as well as moral success. No combination of circumstances, however, no matter how disastrous, could make such men paupers. The pauper is made of very different material; he is what he is too often by preference, very often by inheritance.

Last year, Dr. Hoyt, Secretary of the New York State Board of Charities, visited sixty-four poor-houses, containing 13,000 public paupers. Less than one-fourth were of American parentage. In 55 cases investigated the pauperism extended to the second generation on the father's side, and in 92 cases to the third generation on the mother's side. Three hundred and ninety-seven had pauper fathers; one thousand three hundred and sixty-one had pauper mothers; and so on. Their pauperism was hereditary. The close relation of criminality with inherited pauperism—the more forceful members of such families preferring to seize what they want rather than beg for it—is shown in the history of the well known "Jukes" family, which, in one hundred and fifty years, furnished this State with eight hundred and thirty criminals of baser types, besides many imbeciles, lunatics, and other undesirable characters.

Prof. Brewer, who has given much study to the pauper and tramp problem, is confident that wherever the genesis of paupers is thus looked into there will be found abundant evidence of a pauper tribe well established among us, and perpetuating its instincts in its descendants. For this class no mawkish sentimentality will answer; they need strict justice. The class as a class must be rooted out by resolute treatment. The chain of criminal entanglement must some how be broken in them or they will breed a moral pestilence. Against such outlaws, "for whom," as a contemporary has said, "childhood has no sanctity, hospitality no safeguard, and property no rights," only vigorous measures will suffice. There is enough of honest poverty, through flood and fire and sickness, to furnish occupation to the charitable without the burden of voluntary pauperism, the effect of which is too often to steel the hearts of the sympathetic against all poverty and distress. The honest seeker for employment is confounded with the professional tramps, of whom the most charitable of communities are becoming heartily sick. In justice to the deserving poor—and there is always a large class which, through no fault of their own, may become poor—the pauper tribe should at least receive no encouragement.

For many years in this country the single fact that a person was in need of food or clothing or shelter was held to be a valid reason for giving what was asked. The country became in consequence a perfect paradise for the pauper tribe. They fared so well that multitudes brought by adverse circumstances to poverty were tempted over the line into pauperism; and many others lingered on the verge, passing their time between unwilling labor, pauperism, and petty criminality. Out of these has grown a class of criminal vagrants, now by far the worst disturbers of the public peace and the public moral health.

Indeed, the Indian problem, bad as it is, is a trifle compared with that arising from the existence of the pauper tribe. The Indian is on the frontier; the vicious tramp is every where. And it is safe to say that, year by year, the life and property destroyed by the tramp tribe exceeds that due to Indian depredations. If we are justified in spending millions in Indian wars, in placing upon reservations and trying to civilize the one class of savages, much more justifiable must be the taking of measures, national in scope and magnitude, to control and reclaim if possible the other. Nothing short of this, we fear, will ever rid us of the pest. [Scientific American.]

That Henry Ward Beecher should be a Grant man is in perfect accordance with the fitness of things. It is eminently fitting that the most corrupt preacher who ever stood in an American pulpit should be found advocating the re-election of the most corrupting President who ever sat in the chair of Washington. [N. Y. Sun.]

Go North, South, East or West, and you will find coughs and colds at this season of the year. A remedy which never fails to give satisfaction is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Punch says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of its cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

The Paris Matrimonial Market.

Pars has done many things for an idea. Let me picture one of her facts that she has fostered tenderly, and is now a rampant industry. We go into No. 3 Rue Corando (I say we who are bachelors seeking whom we may matrimonially devour) and we ask for Madame Bosquet. And we sooner ask than we receive, and lo! she comes. She is heavy, yet loud and explosive. But she is business-like in the extreme. Madame Bosquet invites our wandering steps into an inner room, neatly, tastefully and comfortably furnished. Paris rooms are typical. Polished floor, a Turkey carpet partly covering it, innocent of any more eastern region than Aubusson; four chairs, chiefly to be looked at; two or more clocks that are ignorant of "correct time;" much looking-glass in places where other people put plain walls; many vases and many flowers; a portrait of a deceased Marshal or General, or some other military functionary, that catches the constant asking glances of Madame and creates Vesuvian sighs, with Niagara tears now and then. The library of Madame consists of the Figaro newspaper and the city directory. Will Madame favor us with her voice of merchandise? She will. Here it is: fifteen orphans from eighteen to twenty-seven years of age, having each a fortune ranging in amount from \$6,000 to \$120,000, all in their own right—absolute. Twenty-five young ladies, ages from nineteen to thirty-six years: fortunes \$8,000 to \$180,000. Twenty-four widows (shades of Tony Weller!) from twenty-seven to fifty-eight years of age, having from \$7,500 to \$110,000. These three categories—orphans, young ladies and widows—comprise the stock in trade of Madame Bosquet, who may be, for all I know, one of the descendants of the "Groves of Blarney." We select two orphans, three young ladies and one widow. Meetings are arranged for, and by some pious proclivity of Madame the last becomes first, and the widow is selected. We submit weekly. The widow's description is fully pictured before us—in fact, we see her photograph, learn her age and searching inquiry how No. 1 shuffled off this mortal coil. We dwell on this with interest and some degree of anxiety. Madame is reassuring. She books our name, address and personal appearance and possessions. She assures herself at once as to the latter, and pockets our fifty francs registering fee. Madame, with infinite composure, suggests that a meeting on the matrimonial question will require some little time to arrange, and suggests the first week in July as an eligible date. I shall have to recur, therefore, to this phase of Parisian industry, and, considering that the thermometer at present marks some ninety degrees in the shade, it is likely to be one of my "questions brutes" of the future. I salute, therefore, Madame Bosquet, and bid adieu to the expected and taunting visions of the fifteen orphans, twenty-five young ladies and twenty-four widows. [Paris Cor. Baltimore Sun.]

Something that Doesn't Happen Every Day.

Some years ago in one of the eastern States a tramp came up to a cozy little farm house, about sundown. His clothes were soiled and his feet blistered, and long toilsome had been his journey, and the end was not yet. He asked for a night's lodging and something to eat, which was cheerfully granted by the little housewife, who was careful to entertain strangers. The tramp seemed to be a man of some polish, with something of the true gentleman about him. The next morning the man of the house invited him to spend a few days and rest himself, which he did, and went on his journey with body and clothes in a better condition. Years came and went, and the poor tramp was almost forgotten by the family. The little wife toiled on with her household duties while the farmer brought in the bread by the sweat of his brow.

One day a stranger, not a tramp, made his appearance, and asked the family if they recognized him. After his mentioning the circumstances of his being at their house at such a time and resting for so many days they remembered him as the tramp, but he had improved some in appearance. The family was glad to see him, and he stayed with them until after dinner, and just as he was taking leave of the family he handed the farmer a document, then bid them adieu, and was seen no more. As soon as the man was gone the farmer bethought himself of the paper and read it. It was a bona fide deed to one of the best improved farms in all of that country.

HEATHEN JAPAN.—Professor Edward L. Morse, who holds the professorship in the University at Yeddo, a city of 1,000,000 people, is now in this country. He recently delivered a lecture on the manners and customs of that people, in which he alluded to their careful treatment of children, the invariable cleanliness of their houses, resulting in the entire absence of disease such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other afflictions so common in this country. The people are of gentle manners and particularly kind and careful of their animals. During his residence there he never heard a cross word uttered by a native, saw no fighting, and heard no profanity.

The wedding ring is put on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, because in the original formulary of marriage it was placed first on the top of the thumb, with the words, "In the name of the Father;" then on the next finger, with "And of the Son;" then on the middle finger, with "And of the Holy Ghost;" and finally on the fourth, with the "Amen."

If a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

A Broken Heart.

A man is said to be "red" or "white" with rage. In using these expressions, we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. "Red" rage means partial paralysis of minute blood vessels; and "white" rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances can not often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example is given by Dr. Richardson, in the case of a member of his own profession. This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted, by want of due control, to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifle in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Some times his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves; and when the attack was over there were hours of sorrow and regret in private which were as exhausting as the previous rage. In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short, severe madness he suddenly felt, to use his own expression, as if his "heart were lost." He reeled under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as if choking. Then, quick as thought, the Doctor saw a head protrude, and seizing it with his naked fingers he quickly pulled and the reptile was dashed into an empty bucket. In a few seconds Potts was lying on the ground nearly dead. He was given some whisky and water and was rubbed with coarse toweling, and finally he seemed to be resting easy. His eyes were bloodshot, and every vein seemed bulged and ready to burst. He was carried into the house and put to bed, and light food was administered. His throat was very sore, but still he was very thankful when he was told that the reptile had been removed. He is slowly recovering.

Unconscious Snake-Snatcher.

Recently farmer Potts, of Berks county, was the victim of a terrible adventure. Becoming drowsy he laid under a tree, and while sleeping a snake, about nineteen inches in length and of a green color, darted into his open mouth and descended into his stomach. After he awoke he experienced a peculiar and sickening sensation; at times frothing at the mouth, and his eyes almost started from their sockets. A physician pressed his ear to Potts' breast and distinctly heard the movements of the reptile. The victim was required to inhale the steam of boiled milk, which produced a strangling sensation, the snake having made an unsuccessful attempt to leave the stomach. Potts was then led under a shed roof and put in a wagon. A strong rope was tied to his beam and securely wrapped around the legs of the sufferer. The wagon was then pulled away, and Potts was left dangling head down. While in this position he again inhaled the steam of boiling milk. The patient's tongue protruded and his eyes started. The thick steam flowed from his throat and the sufferer made a noise as if choking. Then, quick as thought, the Doctor saw a head protrude, and seizing it with his naked fingers he quickly pulled and the reptile was dashed into an empty bucket. In a few seconds Potts was lying on the ground nearly dead. He was given some whisky and water and was rubbed with coarse toweling, and finally he seemed to be resting easy. His eyes were bloodshot, and every vein seemed bulged and ready to burst. He was carried into the house and put to bed, and light food was administered. His throat was very sore, but still he was very thankful when he was told that the reptile had been removed. He is slowly recovering.

A New Process with Coffee.

A faithful nurse who had poisoned by sheer accident a patient in the St. Louis Female Hospital, committed suicide last Thursday night after writing a letter to her mother and sister which cannot be read without a heartache. Corrosive sublimate was given to a young girl in place of solution of salts. The nurse could not account for her blunder and could only repeat the words: "My God! Doctor I did it; I alone am to blame. I have killed her, ruined myself, and I only hope it will not ruin you." She watched beside the patient for several days, frequently declaring that she would live if Alice lived and die if Alice died. When the poor girl breathed her last the terror-stricken nurse cried: "Don't talk to me; I'm crazy." Within an hour she was herself in agony of death having taken a large quantity of carbolic acid. Among the last words written to her home friends were these: "My dears, if it is God's will that she must die, then shall go with my victim at the time, life for life. This is the way I make atonement. Through the night to light." Sad enough.

Spiritualism is nothing if not progressive, and it is a wonder that the disbelieved have been so slow in taking advantage at the marvelous inventions in the way of intercommunication that have been developed in these latter days. To the ghosts that haunt the cemeteries of New York must be awarded the palm for first appreciating the obvious usefulness of the telephone for their peculiar purposes. The Superintendent of a cemetery, who has a telephone connected between his house and the graveyard, reports a violent ringing of the signal bell at intervals, and this even when the room in which the cemetery end of the telephone is situated is carefully guarded. Pretty soon nothing will be so common as telephone seances, and the availability of the phonograph in this direction needs only to be hinted at, but with the aid of the microphone surely the voices ought to be made audible to the most spiritually deaf of the doubters.

JOHN BURNES, a youth of forty-five, fell deeply—deadly in love with the \$10,000 owned by Mrs. Daniel Kelley of Marion. He made love to the old lady, now in her 75th year, and she, although long past the age, when the tender passion is supposed to cease, reciprocated his love and promised to become his blushing bride. The happy day was set, and in proof of her great love, the old lady checked out of bank and presented to her prospective lord, \$1,000. But the expectant couple was doomed to disappointment, for two naughty sons of the old lady swore that she was incapable of making any kind of contract, and procured an injunction, which put an end to her hopes. Truly, true love never runs smooth.

The good man slammeth the gate and banteth the front door and maketh a noise, for his heart is without guile and he feareth not the grievous woes of his wife; but the naughty man shutteth the gate softly and stealtheth up stairs in his stocking feet and stumbleth over the rocking chair, and the last condition of that man is worse than the first.

An impatient boy, while waiting for the grist at the mill, said to the miller, "I could eat the meal as fast as your mill grinds it." "How long could you do so?" asked the miller. "Till I was starved to death," retorted the boy.

Send for Catalogue.

Extra Liability to Material Infection.

Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak and liver sluggish, are liable to the attacks of malarial disease. The most trifling exposure may, under such conditions, infect a system which, if healthy, would resist the malarious taint. The only way to secure immunity from malaria in locations where it is prevalent, is to tone and regulate the system, and to keep the blood pure, enriching the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to biliary secretion. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which long experience has proved to be the most reliable safeguard against the fever and ague and other diseases, as well as the best remedy for them. The bitters are a fine emulsion, an active depurant, stimulating from the blood those acid impurities which originate rheumatic affections.

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